

The Roosevelt Family

Autograph Album

Signatures
of
Different
Members
Show
Traits of
Character.

STUDENTS of graphology, the as yet incomplete science of handwriting, will all be interested in the famous Roosevelt autographs, the first complete collection of which is here presented. Less exalted persons, also, than those near-scientists who claim they can tell most of the fundamental virtues and shortcomings of individuals by a few characteristic hieroglyphics, will undoubtedly find the autographs of more than passing interest, for while "What's in a name" may have been a pertinent question in the time of Romeo and Juliet, in this practical age, the name, like the play, is the thing.

MASTER QUENTIN, the youngest of the Roosevelt children (it's the fad of the hour to give the precedence to the children) has not failed to distinguish himself for originality in this instance, as in many others. Herewith is his first authentic attempt to inscribe himself in friendly fashion in someone's collection of friends, and the line he further contributed on this occasion, which does not appear, was: "Just to show you I wrote it myself I'll draw my picture." By which it will be readily seen that Quentin, at

Chief Justice Will Return to College

WITH his hair whitened by the frosts of seventy-three winters, his ripe old age made honorable by long and faithful service to his State, Logan E. Bleckley, chief justice of the supreme court of Georgia, in 1901 tendered his resignation, giving for his reason the following reasons:

"I am not sufficiently learned in the law to be qualified on a large and liberal scale for judicial functions. In consequence of this deficiency, I rarely know how to dispose of difficult cases until after a degree of labor which exhausts me in mere preparation for deciding. It follows that I am generally behind in writing out my opinions. No man on earth knows enough at any given hour to qualify him to be a judge of the supreme court of Georgia. Such, at least, is my opinion. I have long since proved that I have never known enough time to suffice for the duties of a single day. Every day I needed more knowledge than I had, and every day I acquired more. Only by so doing could I go on my daily. In other words, I'm going to college to complete my education."

Judge Bleckley soon became much beloved by the students and professors. He was unconventional in all he did, yet his marked individualism never passed into eccentricity. On one occasion the subject of how not to tell the truth without a telling a lie was being discussed by the students, and the justice was asked to give his opinion on the subject. He spoke, in part, as follows: "My fellow-students, the problem of how not to tell the truth without telling a lie is suggested for solution over and over again; not only to the lawyers,

but to physicians, bankers, brokers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, even, perhaps, to clergymen, and it may be also to the ladies. Nothing would simplify intercourse for business, pleasure, civility and ceremony so much as to give truth the right of way through all human affairs. Those of us who dislike the trouble of suppressing, and are skilled in arts of evasion, could heartily wish this were practicable, but it is not. It would be wiser to grant free passage to a cyclone. In the use of truth the lawyer is eclectic; but so is everybody else, and rightly so. A discreet silence is as much, and perhaps as often, the dictate of virtue as of interest and shame. A man who does not know how to keep the truth in the house knows still less how to put it out of doors. It would be a much safer practice to disclose nothing than to disclose everything. Universal silence would do less harm than universal communication. The world would be happier dumb than with no power to hush."

Just before leaving the university, Judge Bleckley was asked for his opinion of college life. He said: "I am satisfied with my experience. I received in one suggestion from the professor in mathematics in half a minute an amount of benefit I wouldn't take any money compensation for. I have been greatly benefited, and yet I am going to be more so in my final terms some time. I will receive the much fuller fruits of my college studies when I come to complete my course." The judge did come back at another time that year and took his senior course of study and received his diploma.—Leslie's Weekly.

an early age, was not lacking in wit. His penmanship has now, however, improved, and his figure has filled out since he made this sketch of himself. His arms, too, are more in evidence in real life than they were in the drawing, and his feet, on the day when he walked through the corridor of the White House on stilts, both looked the same size. It will be observed that he gives great promise of being a fine football player, by the pose of his right foot. In short, all signs go to show that Quentin is an all-right lad, who will distinguish himself if given half a chance by fickle fortune.

None of his family feels worried just at the present moment lest Quentin shall become an artist. Though, as Bernard Shaw says, "You never can tell." Of course the President's signature is well known. It varies in any instance but slightly, looking at all times, to the casual observer, identically the same, whether attached to a document of State, in the books of

personal friends or confronting one in friendly fashion on the familiar blue and white plates containing the President's head in the center with his autograph underneath and scenes from his earlier life about the rim which adorn so many dining rooms and halls in town.

Mrs. Roosevelt's hand is quite characteristic. Where her husband has abbreviated the name of the month, following his habit of not wasting time on unnecessary details, she has written December in full. As there is strength of purpose, immeasurable versatility shown in the writing of President Roosevelt, there are innumerable

merable delightful qualities of mind and heart indicated by the beautiful, trim hand of his wife.

Mrs. Longworth's hand has many of the underlying characteristics of her father's, and quite bears out the general prediction that she will have a brilliant career to the end of her days. Her hand is indicative of self-confidence without arrogance and great self-poise.

Before Mrs. Longworth was married she once stated that many surmises had been made, and many unauthorized statements issued in regard to her personal ambitions and inclinations, but that no one as yet knew just what her personal wishes in regard to life were. By which admission she implied definite ideals and desires, but with baffling diplomacy she failed to commit herself to just what they might be. Like the installment of a good continued story, she closed the chapter of her confessions at the most interesting point. Perhaps the succeeding chapters may



What Do
You
Find in
Their
Handwriting
Most
of Interest?

have been indicated by her vital interest in Ohio politics at the time of her husband's re-election to Congress a year ago.

There are people out in Ohio who still talk of "Alice's" charming manner and wonderful gown on that occasion. While anyone who has looked into the depths of Alice Lee Longworth's eyes must involuntarily recall, at least, the sentiment of the refrain of that song of the African desert—

"No one but God and I
Knows what is in my heart."

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was practicing the new vertical hand introduced about the time this particular autograph was given. Consequently, not much can be authentically read from the signature. It will be observed that he abbreviates the word "December," as his father does, while Ethel, of the serious eyes and earnest mouth, writes the word out fully, as does her mother.

Kermit Roosevelt's hand indicates quite clearly that he would like to be able to leave a regiment which he had joined on its practice march at the time he wants to, without having the press all over the country assign forty-seven different reasons for his so doing.

Archie's hand would indicate that in 1902 he did not always use his blotter carefully. But many great men are there who are known to have had this failing in their extreme youth. Consequently, Archibald, as he is now beginning to be called, may look at the exaggerated periods of his inexperience with considerable complacency.

Howard Pyle's Curious Fad

Howard Pyle, the artist-author, has one of the most unusual of fads. It is the collection of hats. He has more than a hundred headpieces, representing many different periods of history. The most picturesque feature of the hat collection is that made up of pirates' headgear. For years the subject of pirates has fascinated Mr. Pyle. He has given special attention to the study of them, and, particularly, of those who infested the American coast, the Caribbean sea, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Mr. Pyle lives in a large old home at Wilmington, Del., where he not only keeps his hat collection, but, also, a small-sized armory of weapons; for no pirate fad could be complete without long, sharp knives and fierce pistols. He has also collected a rare group of prints and books relating to the "roaring bullies" of the deep. The influence of this enthusiasm is apparent in some of his recent pictures.—Saturday Evening Post.